

THE FALL FASHIONS

SOME OF THE NEW LONG CLOAKS ARE OFFERED.

Colors in Plaids—Veil Hints—Leather Belts—The Waist-Line—Finish—The Styles in Millinery—Small Turbans and Toques are Seen Again.

Some of the long new cloaks are offered especially to "helmswomen," as a few of the poetically inclined merchants style the women who will go out to see the yacht races. Anything more inappropriate hardly can be imagined than a long coat with a train for a real helmswoman, but one such as we have pictured, a garment approved by a leading tailor, is graceful if not altogether sensible. Made from French gray smooth heavy cloth, trimmed with small plaid of olive green and white, it is a distinguished wrap for one who may go in for such lux-



With the coat is worn a "twisty-brimmed" hat of braided French gray felt, with some black mercury wings. A wonderful long coat, which a pretentious dealer has the courage to commend for wear at the races, should the weather prove cool, is of cardinal red and green heavy blanket stuff. This seems to be an unfair attempt of a coatmaker to force his sartorial creation to take first place in the spectator's eyes. But he may be innocent of such an effort.

"Any color so long as it's green," replied the woman, when the milliner asked her what sort of a feather she wanted in her new hat. And the new plaids remind one of this method of making choice. Since I hinted, a short time ago, that plaids were to be in great vogue, the shopkeepers have unpacked the boxes which they had in their cellars, and piled their counters with plaid of such quantity and variety that it is plain every woman is expected to come up and pick out a piece.

And this overwhelming display of plaid in any color so long as it is green: light, dark, medium; squares, oblongs, lines or dashes; black, red and green; brown, blue and green; purple, navy blue and green; orange, black and green; even lavender, black, white and green; yes, peony pink, white and black and green. And in silks, wools and velvets. But the greatest of these is wools.

And the prices for excellent range from 57 cents up. For the former sum one finds really desirable homespun. At \$1.25 there come more closely woven varieties in softer colorings. Four yards is the amount usually sold for a skirt, which is made up without trimming of any sort. It remains for women with original ideas to think of making an entire gown from plaid. The supposition is that women only want plaid skirts to wear with different waists.

Here are three fresh veil hints: For morning wear, chiffon with small silk polka dots, white with white, pearl gray with pearl gray. Smartest of all is chestnut brown with pinhead dots of white, brown chiffon veils still are worn loosely about the face, to flutter with every breeze. Her brown veil is the tailor-made girl's chief compromise with traditional feminine draperies.

For afternoon use, fine black cobweb veiling of irregular mesh, punctured emphatically by black polka dots, size of a lead pencil end, are approved by women who know, and offered when you ask for the latest. With less assurance another novel veiling is referred to here—finest snail pink maline or illusion, joined with white cobweb net, finely polka-dotted with black! This dainty face covering, of course, is intended for dress use, and is offered in high class stores which commend it for rare elegance.

Women of fastidious views may take up with face veiling lined with pink—it would be more remarkable than their adoption of fussy lingerie. The worst that may be said of the veiling with pink linings is that it is extremely Parisian; the best, that it is wonderfully pretty. It lends a permanent pinky flush to the complexion. The price, \$2 the yard, is an effort to

keep the effect exclusive. But I fancy that if it were put on carefully one would get about the same result from a dotted white veil put on at the same time with one of pink maline.

The opening displays of neckwear indicate that the reign of the lace jabot and the high stock, for dress occasions, continues untrammelled. Tucked satin stocks to match any gown are sold separately. The more expensive gray are the high points behind the ears. The jabots in some cases are affixed to the stocks, but most of them are adjustable.

Leather belts medium width, buckles covered with leather or nickelled, are shown in fresh examples. It is clear, however, that the best taste is not supposed to ask for belts from fancifully dyed leather. Black, brown and soft gray are the belts from hide which the counters of conservative merchants afford. Small nailheads of cut steel in neat profusion often ornament them.

For gayly colored finish at the waist line we are commended to the ribbon counters, where the varieties combine all imaginable colorings. The main aim of harmonizing the gown and the ribbon belt is too convenient and effective to be put aside speedily. I cannot say after my round of the openings, that any particular ribbon lingers longer than the other in my memory. Oriental, Roman, French effects abound, but so they have for some seasons. In my next tour I may get a clearer notion of ribbon novelty.

Buckles decidedly are long and narrow. The extreme in fashion measures eight inches from tip to tip and not more than three inches at the broadest part. Brass, cut steel and oxidized silver set with rhinestones and some metal which appears to be rose gold, predominate. The better grades of the new buckles really are excellent pieces of workmanship. Such come from the ateliers of those who love their work.

And the cheaper ones, even those of twenty-five cents, are imitations of the placards call them "art" buckles. By the way, one may pick up curious and serviceable belts for house use at the odds-and-ends counters after the summer's end. Really desirable narrow belts of white patent leather I saw for ten cents. They are engaging with morning toilet.

There are any number of attractive light felt hats in the Alpine and campaign style, some of them trimmed with floss of silk and velvet and stiff wings, others made more like the men's hats, with the regulation binding to the brim, a heavy ribbon for hatband and two long and awkward quills stuck through the band at the left side. This style of hat is as a rule riding and not to be rashly indulged; but the smaller shapes, that have more trimming, invariably are becoming and useful. There are more hats in the different shades of tan than in the gray, and there is likely to be a little touch of white in the trimming that also tends to relieve an otherwise unbecoming color.

The tulie and straw turbans that were in fashion in the spring, but were too heavy for summer wear, are seen again. Some of these have much more tulie than of straw and look so heavy that they do not seem in the least out of place in cool weather, and there are a great many new turbans made of velvets and fancy braid felt that resemble them so closely that they look like the same thing. Almost without exception these hats are trimmed with sprays of artificial flowers and leaves put in so that they stand up straight at the left side. There is one large and one small flower, and one or two



buds, and the larger the flower the better. The effect of all these hats must be soft and becoming, and they are worn as far over the face as ever—indeed, judging from the present style of hair dressing, the hats cannot be put too far forward, even though the head in consequence looks topheavy. Some hats of this style are made of felt, not the heavy, stiff felt that generally is associated with felt hats, but apparently a felt cloth that is twisted and sewed as though it were velvet, or silk. These felts come in all colors, and are exceedingly pretty in red, trimmed with black velvet, or in light brown, trimmed with dark brown velvet. For winter wear there are some of a delicate shade of pink, trimmed with sable and silk, that are elaborate and exceedingly handsome.

GRAND RECEPTION.

RETURNING HERO NEVER BEFORE RECEIVED SUCH ROYAL WELCOME.

Admiral Dewey Conquered Afloat and Conquered Ashore—No One Ever Saw Such Sights as Greeted Our Matchless Hero in the Metropolis of the Nation.

The magnificent Dewey celebration is now a thing of the past, but the memory of it will live so long as the human family reverts and honors, the doing of deeds of heroic grandeur. Never before was there anything seen in this or any other harbor which approached in its matchless grandeur the naval parade and marine fireworks of Friday, and this part of the celebration was only exceeded by the land parade where the hero of Manila



The Committee Greeting Dewey.

was brought into direct contact with the people. Although the naval parade was witnessed by an enormous number of people, the parade on Saturday called out an even greater number, for the entire route of march from Grant's tomb to Madison Square was lined with people, and every building on the line was filled with them, from basement to the roof.

The Conqueror. As Admiral Dewey conquered afloat on Friday so he conquered Saturday ashore. The land pageant overtopped even the colossal welcome when Dewey on the day before steamed up the harbor and anchored at Riverside.

An Admiral first in the hearts of his countrymen, two or three millions of cheering citizens, a city decked in color from end to end, a long parade of fighting men—brave characters in the army, the navy and the volunteers—to do the hero honor, a historic review at the splendid arch erected in honor of the guest of the city and the idol of the day—these were the distinguishing features of the second and closing chapter of this the greatest popular demonstration of the century to a living American.

It was a grand and inspiring climax. The people for the first time were enabled to come close to the central figure in these ceremonies. They had observed the Olympia from the shore when it led the maritime parade, but they had not actually seen the Admiral. Now they were permitted to observe him as he is, to look him in the eye to almost touch his hand. They cheered him, and he heard them and he gave them his gracious response.

Nothing to Mar Reception. To the credit of New York city be it said the demonstration closed without a serious accident and almost without an unpleasant incident to mar its force. The incessant planning of the committee had borne good fruit. Everything moved as planned, and everything had been arranged to go like clockwork. The slight delay in the start of the parade was due to causes over which no human agency could possibly have had control. The carriages that were to carry the guests from the landing at Riverside to the head of the parade and thence to the arch were late. That was due to the tremendous outpouring of the populace, that blocked the vehicles three times on their way to the landing, but they got there at last; the parade moved only about a quarter of an hour late, and it was all over before nightfall. By the counting machine there were 30,902 men in line.

Dewey Weather. They called it "Dewey weather." General Miles was the first to use the term when he met the Admiral at the City Hall. "Dewey weather" and perfect weather are synonymous terms. The air was dry and crisp and just the sort for men to march in. The sky was flecked with swiftly moving clouds, and the brisk wind that makes New York's October so bracing and blew steadily.

The Admiral's day began with "colu he was say, poltiw os r T t'et ors." That is to say, he was up with the sun. The reception committee that went to the Olympia to escort him to the City Hall found him waiting for them. His old habit of being at places sooner than he is looked for continued to arouse comment. He was at the Battery ahead of time. Escorted by Squadron A he arrived at the City Hall, where he was expected at nine o'clock, just twenty minutes ahead of time. Here he received the city's five thousand dollar gold loving cup, and missed the children who were to sing to him. When they arrived on the stand he was away on the steamboat Sandy Hook that took him to Riverside. The grief of the children who missed singing to the Admiral after weeks of rehearsal may well be imagined, and it is doubtful if one of the little ones will fall hereafter to personally take to heart the lesson the Admiral teaches of always being ahead of time.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

Undeveloped Virals That Scourged the World. "No thank you; I don't care for any," said Little Marie, as her papa passed the cake. "Why, dear, said he; 'I thought you were fond of cake?' 'So I am,' she replied, "but I heard mamma say it wasn't quite perfect, and when she says that it must be something awful!" "Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me what a propaganda is?" The little fellow looked at the calling and wrinkled his brow as he gravely wrestled with the problem, and finally replied: "I don't know for sure, but think it must be a proper goose's brother."

"Oh, look, what a pretty little moon!" exclaimed four-year-old Edith to her little brother, as she looked from her grandma's window at the small crescent in the western sky. "Pshaw!" replied the unappreciative brother, "I don't think it's half as pretty as the big round moon we had at home two weeks ago." "Johnny, aged five, had a habit of using in his conversation every big word he happened to hear, regardless of its meaning. One morning he and his elder brother were trying to wash from the same basin, to Johnny's detriment, and he ran into the kitchen, exclaiming, "Mamma, Charley's metropolitanizing the whole laundry!" "Mamma, a Chicago miss of six years was entertaining her five-year-old cousin from Boston, and one day while out walking the little hostess suggested some refreshments. As they neared the place Mamma said: "I'm going to get a milk-shake; what are you going to have?" "Oh, its immaterial," replied the little Bostonian, "I shall probably order a lacteal vibration also."

MISCHIEF NELL. Papa calls me flippy Dinkle. "Cause I run and play; Grandpa says my two eyes twinkle, Like the stars away! Mamma says, I'm her baby Nell; Brother calls me "sis." But sister's beau was first to tell, I'm the one they'd miss. I s'pose there's lots of mischief done, But I didn't pout. When Papa said: "My watch won't run," Though I'd washed it out.

Now Grandpa found his wig one day Hanging up to dry; I, not liking the color gray, Dipp'd it in the dye. I took my brother's doggy "Fox" While he was at school; And shut him up in the ice box, Just to keep him cool. Poor Mamma! fainter and was sick, From the sudden fright; At seeing doggy (like a stick) Frozen stiff and tight.

Oh! Oh! you little mischief Nell, What will we ever do? No words nor tongue can ever tell What's the end of you. I do not think I'm half so bad They would make me out; 'Spouse I should die, then they'd feel sad, And cry their eyes most out.

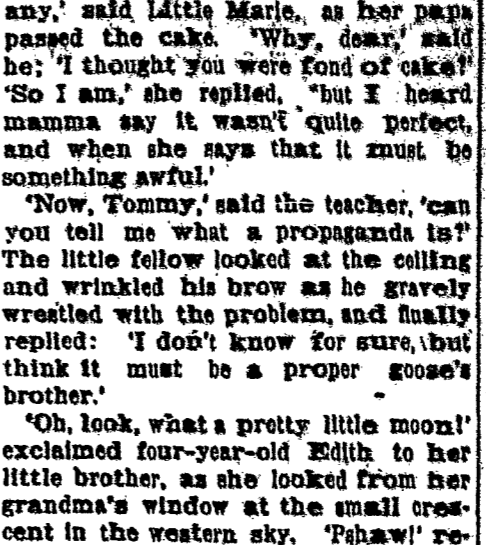
The Farmer Lad's Room. "Be sure to allow the 'big boy' of the family to say just how he wants his room," writes Mrs. John B. Sims in an article on "The Sleeping Room on the Farm," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Do not make the mistake of putting the boy off with just any old thing." Many a boy's life has been made miserable by a constant migration from one sleeping room to another, winding up with a bed on the floor just to make room for some more important member of the household. Give him a room of his own, and do not ask him to leave it. The furniture in one boy's room whom I know is old oak; the old-fashioned lounge is covered with figured cretonne in brown and gold; the big easy chair matches it. The windows have draped curtains of Japanese art cloth in dull red and gold; even the floor covering corresponds. One may be sure that this boy has bonnie brown hair and eyes with cheeks like the sunny side of a fall peach. That he is orderly we can tell from the arrangement of his collars and neckties in the top drawer of his dresser; that he loves pictures, from the small reproductions of the good ones which adorn the walls. His grandfather's sword, his great-grandfather's picture, taken with the drum which beat time for marching feet in 1812, serve as constant reminders to him of his duty to his Home and country, and unconsciously he tries to live up to his heroes."

A Novel Craft. We are traveling in style. As you see, along the Nile On a friendly crocodile. 'Tis a most attractive land, Principally sun and sand, To be seen on every hand. Down the stream we slowly glide, While our smiling, cheerful guide Shows his native land with pride. And, to crown it all, you see, We are learning history. —Priscilla Leonard in Churchman.

Popovers Baste. This is a good way to make popovers: One quart of molasses, two cups of granulated sugar, let boil fifteen minutes, then add butter the size of an egg. When it comes to water add one teaspoonful soda made very fine, take from fire and stir in corn which has been popped out white. Grate theingers and make into balls.

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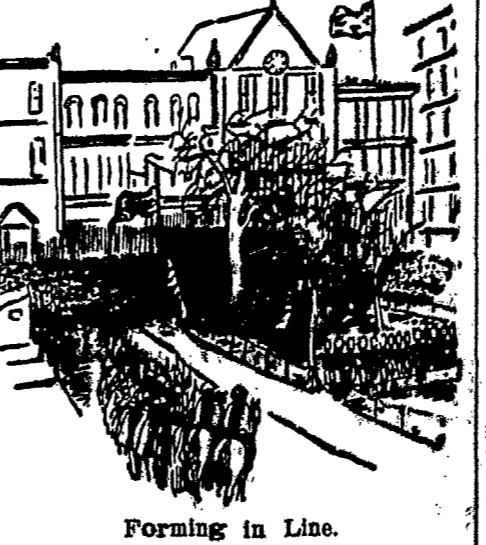
SEND ONE DOLLAR. This is a good way to make popovers: One quart of molasses, two cups of granulated sugar, let boil fifteen minutes, then add butter the size of an egg. When it comes to water add one teaspoonful soda made very fine, take from fire and stir in corn which has been popped out white. Grate theingers and make into balls.

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Forming in Line.